

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

The Devil Flying Over a Cottage in Barley Lancashire.

Deep in the heart of Pendle, Lancashire, stood a quaint cottage tucked away amidst a sea of trees.

Its weathered walls held secrets, and its creaking timbers whispered tales of the supernatural.

Legend had it that the devil himself had a fondness for this desolate place, drawn to the darkness that lingered within.

Olive, an elderly woman, had chosen this cottage as her final retreat from the world. She sought solace in its isolation, unaware of the horrors that awaited her. As the sun sank below the horizon, casting long shadows across the landscape, a sinister presence began to stir.

One fateful night, as Olive prepared for slumber, a sense of unease settled upon her. The air grew heavy, suffocating her fragile senses. If that wasn't terrifying enough, a chilling gust of wind howled through the trees outside, rattling the windows and carrying with it an otherworldly presence.

As Olive lay in her bed, her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, she heard a sound that sent shivers down her spine. Heavy wings flapped overhead, the rhythmic beats echoing through the cottage.

The demonic fluttering grew louder, drowning out the beating of her own heart.

Trepidation took hold of Olive as she frantically scanned the room for the source of the sinister sound. Yet, to her bewilderment, she could see nothing but the dimly lit walls surrounding her.

The terror escalated when the bedroom door, burdened by an unseen force, began to creak open.

Petrified, Olive's breath caught in her throat as the door swung wider, revealing a darkness that seemed to swallow the very essence of the room. Panic surged through her veins, propelling her out of the bed in a frenzied dash for safety.

With trembling legs, she stumbled into the hallway, her heart pounding in her chest. The cottage seemed alive, its eerie silence broken only by the sound of her ragged breaths. She dared not look back, afraid of what she might find pursuing her.

As Olive raced through the narrow corridors, a sinister presence pursued her relentlessly.

Shadows danced along the walls, elongating and distorting into grotesque forms. Whispers filled the air, murmuring words of despair and temptation, as if the devil himself taunted her from the darkness.

With each passing moment, Olive felt her strength wane, her resolve weakening. She could feel the grip of evil tightening around her, threatening to consume her very soul. Desperation pushed her onward, as she clung to the last vestiges of hope.

Finally, Olive burst through the cottage's front door, gasping for air. She stumbled onto the dew-soaked grass, her eyes scanning the night sky for any sign of the demonic presence that had haunted her sanctuary. But the devil had retreated, leaving her trembling in the wake of his terrifying visitation.

From that night forward, Olive lived with the knowledge that evil lurked in the shadows, always watching, always waiting. The memory of the devil's visitation haunted her every waking moment, a chilling reminder that some forces are beyond human comprehension.

And so, the cottage in Lancashire remained a place of dark legend, a testament to the horrors that can manifest in the quietest of corners. As for Olive, she carried the weight of that encounter until the end of her days, forever changed by the touch of the devil in the night sky.

By Donald Jay.